

HAIL COLUMBIA!

The Student Oarsmen of America
on Saratoga Lake.

The Nine Crews Preparing
for the Contest.

SCENES ON THE SHORES.

THE COnthusiasm of
Multitude.

Predictions in Favor of For-
mer Victors.

THE START.

William Blaikie's Description of
the Battle.

COLUMBIA WINS.

The New York Boys Seize
the Flag.

YALE AND HARVARD FOUL.

The Wesleyans Second, the Cam-
bridge Crew Third.

TIME, 16 M. 42 1-4 S.

Great Enthusiasm Over the New
York Boys.

Position of the Herald Boat at
the Finish.

SARATOGA, July 18, 1874.—
"Here we are at the end of the week; money
all spent; borrowing, by George! To-morrow's
Sunday, and no race!"

These were the remarks of the average young
men of college age who had paid half a dozen
times to ride to and fro between the village and
the Lake of Saratoga, fares varying each way from
fifty cents to \$2. For the past two days it has
been nearer the minimum.

But there have been glorious compensations for
all delay. Such nights to sleep through, such ac-
commodations for sleep, such springs to drink
from, such air to breathe, such beauty to see, it
could be truly said, in the true joke of the street,
"Fine day for the race all the time—the bigger
human race," of which a great portion has been
here.

A goodly number charge the weather, the
ripples, the inauspicious coincidences of good skies
and raging waters and misadventures hours to that
vague and nondescript being.

THE SARATOGA HOTEL KEEPER.
There is no such person here. A great battalion
of people possessing distributed powers, centring
nowhere in a head, constitutes the Saratoga prop-
rietaryship. The hotels are so big that they have
no boss, and one of them is compelled, after pub-
lishing a string of names of lessees, to add, "etc." One
or two ostensibly have a master; but he is like
the poet's river, "lost in the continuous shade
where rolls the Oregon, and heard no sound save
its own dashing."

Therefore the Saratoga hotel keeper, having no
entity, has no responsibility, particularly for the
weather. That part of him which can be detached
from the great battalion is a good deal emfitted
at the behavior of the lake, and lays it all to Moon—

THE MOON ON THE LAKE.
not Moon that guides the weary traveller on his
way, raises tides and affects the wind, but Moon
who is the genius of the lake, takes in the tourist
with greasy potatoes whittled down to wafters,
contributes nothing to the expenses of the regatta,
and derives all the advantage therefrom. The lake
being generally destitute of habitation, and Moon's
inn and the lake being synonymous, it is agreed
that Moon's meanness extends to the weather, and
if Saratoga be abandoned of regatta Moon is the cause.

GOING OUT.
The people took their way to the lake in sober
trim about eight o'clock Saturday morning. There
was no need of haste, as the excitement was
done, the bulk of the students departed, the la-
dies too much discouraged to try the hard board
seats twice, and the Jesus bawled for loads in vain.
Still, with so large a multitude, a very great
thinning out must still leave a large crowd. Toward
half-past nine the march of wheels and feet out
past the club house and the race course was
steady and strong. The jockey boys, who are
getting the racers ready for the pending meeting,
loitered around the gate and mocked the
passers with the prospect of another fiasco.

"Big southerly wind, boss! You'll have to come
out on Monday or Tuesday next!"

AT THE LAKE.
Moon was doing no business, and everybody had
leisurely breakfasted, even the poor crews, who
had been stripped naked to the waist for hours in
the night air of the previous eve. The great ranges
of plank seats were at first scarcely inhabited at
all and presented a view of orange peeling and
rejected programmes through their open lattice
chinks. The band stand, of rustic cedar, raised
among the oaks against the bluff, was depopulated
and no more musical sound was afforded than the
water plashing against the beach and wooden
gangways and the steady tramp of recruits upon
the boards. The judges' raft, built on piles a
dozen rods from the shore, was like the abandoned
preaching stand of an immoderate congregation at
prayer beneath the linden ripples of the lake.
The sun shone warm on the long, nearly oval, per-
spective of Lake Saratoga, with Snake Hill at the
head of the perspective, lying garbled and woody
upon the water, like a shinned turtle; upon the
yellow sheaves of barley wrinkling under the
waves, upon the two points of land tipped, the
one with a boathouse and the other with a beive-
dette, which enclosed the homestretch, and upon
the pair of little steamers, already whistling up
the starters and reporters. Half a dozen boats
were rowing on the lake.

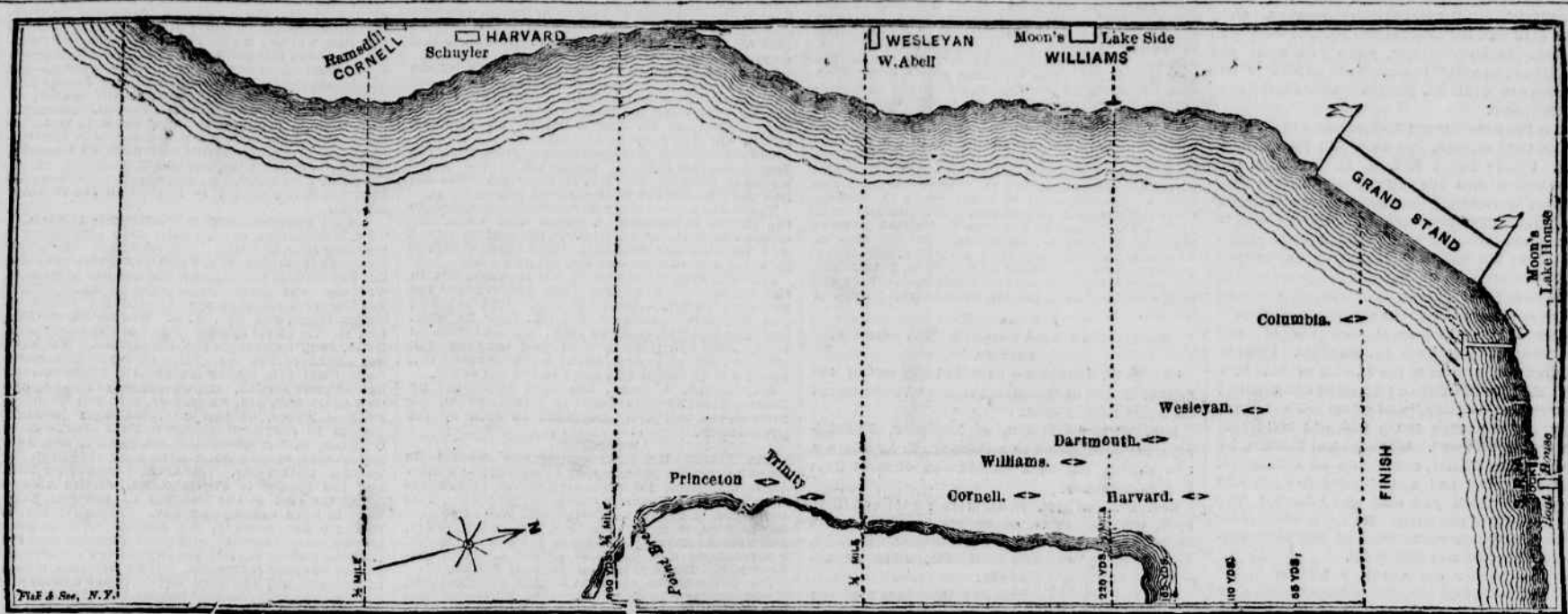
TALK ON THE GRAND STAND.
"It will be a hot pull under this sun," said Mr.
Observation, wiping his forehead with a band-
anna.

Under Leslie's cottage, where the family seemed
to be too indolent to have yet arisen, the college
stand, disclosed the ten gnomes scarcely mov-
ing on their poles, and by a quarter to ten this was
allied again.

"The crews are all up there," said Mr. Cherry-
man, peeping through his spyglass; "the lake is

THE SARATOGA REGATTA.

Map of the Last Half Mile of the Race, Showing the Positions of Each of the
Boats as Columbia Crossed the Line.



like glass. The morning is the time for a young
man's work. Now, we shall be sure to have it
presently!"

"Boom!" went the first gun at a quarter to ten,
and then there was a loud cheer.
The steamers at once shot up the lake. The
telegraph office at the water's edge flashed

THE QUAD NEWS
to Saratoga, intimating to those yet tardy that
there would be time to see the race with a fast
boat to assist.

But, looking over the stands, where, at a fair
estimate, there were 5,000 people assembled, the
absence of fashionable costume and rounded
beauty was very evident. Not as on the pre-
vious day, mistresses of her self-esteem and slowly
awakened to perfect afternoon enjoyment, the
languid hotel beauty took her place among the
collegians. Now, with a yellow wrapper and an
old veil, she appeared sullen and lethargic, as if her
nap had been interrupted and the colors of her
favorite college she rejected altogether. The tall
coquette, however, who had paraded in Colum-
bia's colors in the stern of a row boat all Friday
afternoon, was out in her pristine brightness
again, bothering the reporters to know to whom
she had made those too plain, too touching mo-
tions.

"Ah, mistress the woman who strikes the
American reporter while at work, except in the
line of self-defence, is—"

Halloo! Here is seen, for the first time, the Hon-
orable John. He wears a white collar and no tie,
low shoes and a straw hat; his manner is quiet
and apart. He judges that Harvard or Wesley
will win, but expects Columbia to do it. His af-
fections are always one-half his bet, and when the
result comes about he never betrays any sensibility.
His gratifications he conceals; his resentments
never.

THE FRIENDS OF THE CREWS.
There are two overpoweringly big crowds here—
Yale and Columbia—yet not nearly so many of
either as of Yale and Harvard at the Quinsigam-
ond or the Springfield courses, where they are
near their alma mater. The Columbia party, male
and female, number probably three hundred, and
they are the most lively and cheerful of all the
auditors, huzzing and graying to the extent that
some suppose they are juvenile and must have a
light laddish crew to pull with. The Yale folks are
almost all college boys, laden down with blue hat-
bands and sashes, and, possessing the honors of
the University, they feel a confidence bordering
on haughtiness, yet not quite so serene as Harvard,
which is greeted by them at odd times with—

"Ah! dear; yes, now, fair Harvard!"

There is more versatility and open air character
about Yale than any of the colleges; in Harvard
more of the cool, reserved, sedate English air than
anywhere else; in Columbia a kind of city bounce,
ready to hail victory, but take defeat with philoso-
phy. It is strange that on this day's race Harvard,
in its emulousness with Yale, closes hands with
Columbia and cheers its victory, while Yale, in the
dumps about both Columbia and Harvard, accuses
Providence.

HOW THE WESLEYANS TOOK IT.

The friends of the Wesleyan crew must strong
and, saying little, are yet trusting in God and their
conquering Church. They are mainly old gentle-
men or younger ones with an elderly expression,
and motherly looking old ladies, often peeping at
the boat race through a pair of gold spectacles.
This powerful crew, strange as it may seem, is the
favorite with all the sporting men, who like their
self-reliance and the appearance they put in at a
regatta, though a Methodistical. Lavender is the
color of many a clerical necktie this day.

PLUCKY PRINCETON.

Princeton expects little from the University race,
except from the pluck and example given by her
Freshmen in the beautiful spurt of last Wednes-
day, and the orange banner of the Scotch Presby-
terians waves over a few orange ribbons and hat-
bands. They expect Columbia or Yale to pull
through the race, but not of any. There are many
Cornell men here, under the dark red and white,
often of a rough Western look, and they cheer
heartily.

WEARING OF THE GREEN.

The friends of Trinity, quiet and substantial, are
grouped under the green and white banner of
Hartford; fewer under the rich brown bunting of
Brown; a goodly squad under the Presbyterian
orange of Princeton; a few yet faithful under Dar-
mouth's green; and more, all intent, under the
royal purple of Williams.

THE SECOND GUN.

About twenty minutes after ten o'clock the
second gun boomed at three miles distance, loudly
cheered.

"Now the race is certain! Make your bets!"

The syllables were run out on the judges' raft,
the little slithering flags of college colors made ready
to be in turn attached to the halyards, as the
boats successively in the lead would be signalled,
and all were on the *qui vive*. There was now an
abundance of people at the college stand—as many
as were comfortable, and, except for the missing
accessories of music and coolness, everything was
on a scale sufficient for the occasion.

"Boom!" went the third gun. In a minute or
two, after hesitation, the American flag was
hoisted on the low flag pole on the raft, and a loud
cheer, rolling round the circuit of the sodded
bluffs, announced the relief and satisfaction of
thousands that the regatta was to be fought and
finished at last.

Little accidents, of no moment, disturbed and
amused the gazers for the first few minutes, when
the eye strained in vain to discover the shells and
their men against the sphinxine countenance of
that distant knoll of dark green. A couple of boys
fell overboard; a boat load of men, reinforced by
uninvited guests, careened and bunched them all
in the stern; four or five boatloads of rowers got
in front of the spectators and were hoisted away;
hewho raised an umbrella took it in speedily or
was saluted with rattans from unknown hands
over the whalebone thereof.

The first thing known was a little flag run up at
the top of the judges' flag staff—the light blue and
white of Columbia College, never put forward in a
race before.

At this display the multitude next to the
Magenta, girls and children, matrons and students,
raised to their feet, and out of their unpred-
icated cheer broke the rattling applause

"O-O-L-E-N-O-I-A-A!"

In a minute or two the Magenta was raised next

to the Columbia. Then went out the flying flap-
whang of Harvard, like a great bird of blood
rioting over a battlefield, and the right of the
stand was waving with red light on sticks and
velis and parasols and hats. Next the lavender
was lifted up, and all the brethren arose and
shouted "Hosannas." The blue of Yale had
scurried been indicated when, before it touched the
halyards, the Yale men were all tumuit, yet
troubled at the tardiness of their boys.

Again the blue and white, at the end of the mile,
was run to the peak, and now it was seen that
the whole audience had grasped the probability
of so many wild stories of the time made by
this crew over the course, and had come to belief
and desire together. New York had been ahead
from the start, and was keeping up her stroke.
This part of the audience had the whole of the
cheering to do for the rest of the two miles yet to
be rowed, and there was no cessation of the joy
and gratulation, until at the last it took the form
of ecstasy, and was the stronger because it was
a genuine metropolitan outburst, in part discon-
nected from college knowledge and college affilia-
tions. The ladies, as an Irishman might have
expressed it, were for Columbia to a man.

Meantime the crews had been discerned in that
vacuity of distance to be coming to some sensible
form and substance. First we saw a few pale
flashes when the sun struck the oar blades and the
shining backs of the naked crews, as if a shoal
of most bunnies or blue fish had come to the sur-
face. Presently this animal light extended across
the belt of water rowed, and something seemed to
struggle in the air for outline and intelligibility.
Next, like a wide line of battle of Indians, stripped,
in their war canoes and approaching
with purpose, the living men appeared
in the body, bending columns of flesh,
all of one bright walnut tint, with turbans above
of bright or parti-colors, and as they drew nearer
they grew more distributed—some very plain and
high above the water, others yet in the struggle
between formlessness and form.

Still the pleasant colors of Columbia held the
peak of the low flagstaff, the azure and the lilac
dominating above the green of the mountain air of
Dartmouth, the unsubstantial lavender of Wesleyan,
or the royal purple of the great University of
Massachusetts Bay.

"Where is Yale?" say many voices, whispering
low. Harvard answers it back satirically, "Where
is Yale?"

Now entering the neck of the lake, the last half
mile, all which have any chance are seen in their
relative opportunity. Columbia clear ahead, and
rowing clear and equal as the sweep of the wings
or migratory birds bound for some far journey. Her
men seemed to be making no effort other than
plain avocation, and so gently did their oars and
bodies fall and rise that it looked as if they might
keep up the stroke to the end of time. Four of the
six men were six-footers, but he who sat in the
stern was only twenty years old and the least of
all in stature, and the weight of 155 pounds.
Everybody knew Frank Reese, Columbia's stroke,
who said in the morning, "If I can't win this race,
I won't go home this summer." Their bandages
of blue and white described an arc through the
air as they rowed, which attested the perfectness
of their stroke—partly nature's, partly the result
of training from English experience—and, reach-
ing far forward on the sliding seats, they pulled
to the chin as they drew again, while
other crews in sight were only draw-
ing to the middle on a horizontal
line, like a man pulling a gang saw. They were so
far the superiors in finish and style of their com-
petitors in the rear that the Ward Brothers and
Biglin, pulling the New York Herald's boat
abreast of them, scarcely seemed more profes-
sional boatmen. A perfectly homogeneous crew,
every boy a New Yorker, city bred and city
schooling, they were behind from the shore by their
family connections—Cornells, Reeses, Rapalos,
Grissolds, Goodwins and Timpsons—with
quiet metropolitan pride, while their
college mates and sweethearts, and
thousands who never knew them except by the
instinct of fellow townsmen, shook hats and skirts,
raised voices and laughter, and rushed along the
gangways to hail them as they closed the score
and vindicated the city. The moment the boat
batted oars and grated on the shore, Frank Reese
launched. He was lifted up by instantaneous hands
and followed by a multitude, few of whom knew
that he was disabled, was carried, like the victor he
was, up the hill to Moon's and laid upon the porch.
His perspiring and nearly naked fellows were also
carried by their associates up the hill, and they ap-
peared on the upper balcony for a minute, rou-
santly cheered. The lawn was now full of the sing-
ing of staves and snatches of rejoicing airs and
fluttering of shawls, streamers and boat flags of
blue and white. And so it was all the way to
town, as if nature had suddenly ordered the red
stripes out of the American flag and restricted the
population to the white and azure.

Meantime, behind, the other crews were giving
their several stories of the way things went wrong.
Harvard was on the whole, delighted that Colum-
bia had beaten instead of Yale. Yale was re-
proaching Harvard, without acrimony, of running
out of their shell and breaking an oar for them
and calling on the Wesleyans to attest it. The
Wesleyans also advanced the theory that Columbia
had taken their water, which was evidently the
truth, having taken it from the start.

THE CREWS BEFORE THE START.

SARATOGA, July 18, 1874.

The hours preceding ten o'clock, the one named
for the starting of the race, were slipping rapidly
by and on every side busy scenes were being
enacted. Along the whole line of the Western
shore, from Ramsdell to Moon's, groups were
selecting sites from which they might view the
grand struggle of the student oarsmen, for the
first time after two postponements, over the
waters of Saratoga Lake. The grand stand was
fairly occupied with spectators, but of course the
vast crowds of the two previous days were
missing, waiting with anxiety the start, the race
itself and the finish which was to bring victory to
one boat only out of the nine, and gladden the
hearts of the six stalwart fellows who were to be
the successful oars in this great aquatic struggle.
And never in the whole history of American uni-

versity boat racing did men prepare so thoroughly
for the work they had to perform.

YALE AND HARVARD.

The two great rivals of years gone by, recalled the
memories of the past to stimulate the men of '74
to do their level best for the honor of their col-
lege. They were out of pure love for the uni-
versity they hailed from. And together with
this anxiety was the feeling so
perceptible last evening that an outsider might
step in and win the honor for which the waters
of the dark blue and Magenta had so zealously
faithfully and vigorously trained. Yale in the past
had won, so had Harvard, and the recollections of
these victories helped to nerve the strong arms of
the representatives from these two of the older
schools of learning. But how would it be when
the sun had reached its zenith? Would either of
the two rival crews have another score to add to
their many aquatic honors of the past? That, in-
deed, was the question which many of the oar-
men asked themselves as they looked out over the
waters of this beautiful lake from their quarters at
the old Schuyler Mansion, or from their retreat
under the Cedar Bluffs. Harvard to-day might
beat Yale and yet be denied victory, for there
were

OTHERS TO CONTEST FOR THE HONOR

which to the victor would be awarded. Wesleyan
was determined, and the six good and true men
who sat in her boat and sported their colors of
delicate lavender were in the struggle. There, too,
was Columbia, bearing her
bright blue and white, hailing from the great
city which ever and always feels proud of
her sons, as resolute as the best of them. Wil-
liams, Cornell, Dartmouth, Trinity and Prince-
ton were in no respects behind their more ex-
perienced competitors in the determination to do
the best. And, by the way, what a surprise the
boys of Princeton created in the Freshmen race of
Wednesday, when with a crew lighter than either
of its opponents they gallantly snatched victory
from the hands of Yale when it was almost within
the grasp of the latter. This triumph, the manner
of its being secured as much as the act itself,
was not without its effect on the men who wore
the orange colors to-day as they rowed to the
stakeboat and took their places in line. They
came up resolved to do their best, as did all the
others, but then they had, in case of defeat, the
recollection of having won one honor at least by
their Freshmen crew, beating, after a hard
struggle, the crew of old Yale. This was some-
thing to cheer them up, to brighten their spirits,
and to fall back upon in case of fortune, fickle at
best, deserted them in the hour of trial. It can
readily be imagined what

A BUSY, ANXIOUS MORNING

it was in all of the quarters of the crews. From
each of the houses where the men were quartered
the colors by which they have already been distin-
guished floated in the breeze. At points along the
eastern shore, from beneath the shadows of Snake
Hill down to the cedar bluffs, Columbia, Dar-
mouth and Yale waited anxiously during the long
hours of the morning, and skirting the
western shore down almost to the bridge
Trinity, Princeton, Cornell, Harvard, Wes-
leyan and Williams watched the day grow
old and see the hour approach which was to
announce a defeat and proclaim a glorious victory.
In the boat houses during the early morning the
closest scrutiny and utmost vigilance were ex-
ercised over all appertaining to the race boats and
their belongings. Oars were examined and sub-
mitted to tests; outriggers were seen to with
careful attention to see that nothing was loose or
weak; the wires leading to the rudders were gone
over with a carefulness which betokened the im-
portance of the work, and the shells, from stem
to stern, every plank was scanned with eyes in
which the anxiety of the duty was evidenced.
How necessary!

ALL THESE PRECAUTIONS

every rowing man can tell. The best crew that
ever sat in a boat might be defeated by neglecting
the observances mentioned. A broken oar, a loose
outrigger, a weak rudder wire, which upon the
first start would give way, any or all of these
might occur; and to a boat or a boat's crew ex-
periencing them what chance would there be in
these days when seconds, not minutes, decide the
winner? It is the thought of all these possibilities
occurring which makes the hours and minutes
previous to the start hours and minutes
of anxiety, doubts and fears. Now
shortcomings were recollected, weaknesses
dreaded and crudities mentally
speculated upon. This does not pervade one
crew, but all—each one is influenced more or less—
for while a boat's crew ever pulled a perfect stroke
or oar beat, and all of every circumstance
which might lessen its chances of victory. The
only thing which remained was to hope for the
best. And this appeared to be the case—
whether it was Cook of Yale, Dana of Harvard,
Easton of Wesleyan, or Rees of Columbia, the work
out of these stroke oarsmen, or any of the
others for that matter, to-day was faithfully fol-
lowed out and as vigorously rowed by the men
behind them. It was a sight which few will forget
to see these

FIFTY-FOUR YOUNG ATHLETES,
as they sat in their boats waiting for the start.
Rare to the waist, every man of them, and bronzed,
they presented a scene not readily forgotten. The
green and the orange side by side, about to strive
in generous rivalry for honor's sake. The same
colors under which many a bloody fight occurred in
a land across the sea, and through which many a
bitter hate, which generations have not
obliterated, have been kindled, were to-day
seen worn by earnest youths in honorable rivalry.
Harvard and Yale, old rivals, wearing the time-
honored colors under which for years they have
fought

THE BATTLE OF THE OARS,
were also there. Yes, the blue and the red were
to-day, as in the years which have dropped into
the lap of Time, side by side in the struggle for
victory. Close up to the blue was a crew which,
before the race began, was among the favorites.
The Wesleyans had, indeed, grown into favor so
that among the three first boats one heard men-
tioned on all sides as we steamed down to the
start, Wesleyan was conspicuous. The sturdy
Methodists, composed of men from Maine, New
York and Pennsylvania, had impressed their friends
and others, too, that when the race was rowed

they would not be the last at the finish. If pluck
and will was to do it, they might be the first.

GOING UP THE LAKE.

At a few minutes before ten o'clock the Commode-
ore Brady, the boat provided for the press, was
off Columbia's house. Columbia had, indeed, as
the great city from which her boys hailed from
would have done, thrown open wide her doors and
had given temporary shelter to half the crews
who were to contest to-day. The blue field, with
"Columbia" in bright white letters, floated
over the house of the crew which, with a
warm welcome, courteously greeted every boat's
crew, whether it wore the orange or green,
the magenta or blue, the purple or lavender, and
offered them the rude but genuine hospitality
which their roof afforded. New York to-day may
well feel proud of her sons. The lessons which the
great city itself had taught were here carried out
by her own boys, whose first paddle was on the
Harlem River. And little did they think when first
they commenced their work this season that ere
the summer was out they would be receiving
under their roof, just before the great inter-colle-
giate race, the crews of five of the universities of
our land who were to contend with them for the
honor of victory.

SPLENDID DAY AND FINE WATER.

A more delightful day could not have been chosen
for a regatta. The slight breeze which was blow-
ing from the southwest fanned the surface of the
water harmlessly—yes, most delicately. There
was scarcely a ripple yet, there was enough of a
zephyr to temper the rays of the sun, and make it
agreeable to the oarsmen. Not, indeed, that they
paid much attention to its influence; but then to
those who were looking on and not working, it
was some consolation to know that the oarsmen
were not roasted while they rowed or without a
breath of wind to refresh them during the struggle.
Never was water in better condition for a
boat race than was Saratoga Lake this forenoon,
and had the Regatta Committee taken the advice
of more experienced heads than theirs the Uni-
versity race of '74 could have been rowed yesterday
in the forenoon. But no. They threw away every
chance but one and depended on that, and that
one chance ended them.

THE CREWS COMING OFF.

At ten o'clock precisely Cornell pulled out from
the Columbia's boat. As if to make amends for
their delay of the previous evening she was now
the first boat out, and pulled away up under the
shady bluffs of Snake Hill. At eleven minutes past
ten the Princeton boat was in the water, and
started down towards the stakeboat. The second
gun was fired just as the
Princeton boys pulled off. A movement
was again seen on the shore. "Here's another
boat," and the Magenta of Harvard took the
water. Dana took his seat first, his men following,
feeling and looking confident and determined.
Twenty minutes after ten and the Dartmouth
giants, as they are called, got in their ship and
followed in the wake of Harvard. Now came
Williams, distinguished by her royal purple
hull, gear, at 10h. 48m., and just about the same
time Trinity might be seen rowing across from
their quarters on the western shore of
the lake. "Where are the Methodists?"
queried one. "Yes, where is Wesleyan?" asked
another. "Never mind," quoth a third, "the wear-
ers of the lavender mean business and will give
good account of themselves at the close of the
race." But the Methodists were at their posts,
under the shade of the trees which lined the shore,
a short distance up. The dark blue of Yale was
not visible, but that her boat was not far off was
evident, for she was at her post alongside of
Harvard when the last signal was given.
"Here comes Columbia," the last out from
the boat. With a hasty adieu to those on shore
the boys pulled away merrily, determined to work
as they never worked before. "God speed you,"
was the hearty wish which went with those merry,
light-hearted boys, as they dipped their oars and
rowed up to their stakeboat. All the boats were
now at their places, and after a slight delay the
referee addressed them the usual caution; then
the pistol of Commodore Brady, the starter, was
raised in the air, and at exactly 10h. 42m. 34s. the
University boat race of 1874 was started.

THE RACE, BY AN OLD OAR.

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 18, 1874.

A mile up Saratoga Lake, on the west side, hid-
den away out of the world, and thick with reeds
and marshy bays, lies a region deserted, damp and
lonely. No man, probably, ever did live in it, and
no man, probably, ever will. It is called the
"drowned lands." Working its way here
and there through these lands, runs a
tortuous creek, shallow in some places, very
deep in others and much overgrown with
the edges with slimy weeds. Most men would
look at the place once, and, thinking of chills and
snakes and dread malaria, avoid it carefully ever
after. Away up this creek, in a shady, secluded
spot, where man's foot seldom treads, he who by
chance at an early hour this morning had strayed
might have seen scattered about, on the shelving
bank, a little group of men. They were all hard-
ly more than half clad, and by their sharp, quick
glances and sudden movements, and their
skin bronzed to a copper hue, suggested
that they might all their lifetime have been sons
of the forest. Hidden away in the fens by the
water's edge, lay a long, slender craft with pro-
jecting arms of iron, with here and there a pair
of six gracefully turned spruce oars. For three
whole days these men lay hereabouts in ambush.
Now they would all board the craft, and, creep-
ing stealthily outwards by the edge of the
lake, peer anxiously over its surface as if eagerly
seeking some one; then after lying long hidden
under the tall weeds, they would work back to
their hiding places. So they employed most of
Thursday afternoon and evening. Last night they
did the same, their only company being some
startled quail or wild fowl and numerous piping
frogs. The sun went down and in the long
twilight they lay out by the lake edge until they
shivered from head to foot. Then they worked
back to their lair.

THE BOATS ON THE LAKE

this morning at an early hour crept out again.
This time of up the lake stretched along in a
single line under Snake Hill lay a sight that made

their eyes fairly glisten, for there were nine other
boats like theirs, only lighter, each having, like
theirs, six men, and each man with, perhaps,
clothing enough, but certainly none too much.
They moved smartly about for a little while and now
gradually form in line, and all point down the
lake. Behind them a tiny steam launch has
been drawn up opposite the middle boat. A gun
on a neighboring hill, fired a little before, had
called them into line, and now their watchers
over in the reeds have also crept further out and
their boat at last shows boldly on the broad
waters of the lake. They lie quiet and keen eyes
are all busy with the distant craft. Their faces at
any time would arrest attention, but now their
thin lips and very boldly chiselled faces are a
study indeed. Every one of these men has a
national reputation, and that reputation gained
its brightest lustre on this very Saratoga water;
for five of them are brothers, sons of one
man; they have left at home four more and five
sisters. One of them, he at the stroke oar, has a
little granddaughter of three or four summers;
but, gray as he is becoming, he is almost as play-
ful as she is. The sixth is hardly less renowned,
for with two oars, and in a boat by himself, prob-
ably the man does not live in this whole land who
can outrow him, let the distance be what you will.
When the first gun fired the old stroke shot out
his oar to grip the water as if he were in the race.
"Did you see me turning that oar?" he said. "I
turned it as quickly as a cat would spring, catching
a mouse." It made you think of some retired war
horse still sniffing the battle.

THE SIGNAL GUN.

Now a little curl of smoke among the distant
boats, and in a second the crack of a pistol is
heard; but no pistol could make that smoke, and
hardly had the report died away when the boom
of a heavy cannon came rumbling all around.
The six headed their craft down the lake and com-
menced paddling. The water has fallen until its
surface is hardly rippled, and the bright glare of
the sun shining down upon it makes it
difficult to distinguish objects as distant as
were the nine racing boats, a mile
away; but in a moment you get them clearly, and
a strange thrill of excitement comes tingling
through one as they draw nearer. Far over on
the east shore, near Columbia's boathouse, goes
little Trinity, and next her the orange of Prince-
ton, next the white and carnation of Ithaca, and
next, by their side, moves the best known color of
the four, the